

46
+
VERSES

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

1476 d 24

Humphry Parsons, Esq;

Lord Mayor Elect,

OF THE

Most Opulent City of LONDON.

By

His Most

Devoted,

Humble Servant,

J. W.



WESTMINSTER:

Printed by A. CAMPBELL, for the AUTHOR, and sold by A. DODD without Temple-
Bar, and all the other Pamphlet-Shops. M.DCC.XXX.

•(Price Sixpence.)

VERSES

Ascribed to the Right Honourable

Humphrey Parsons, Esq.

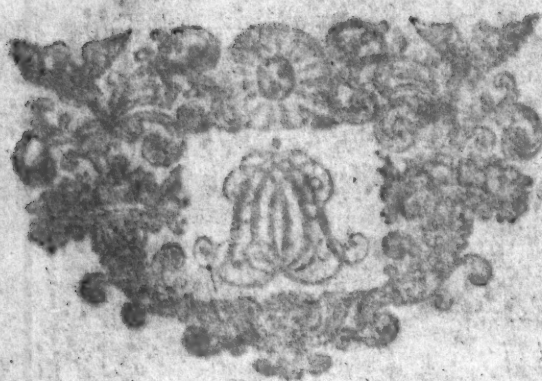
Lord Mayor of London

Most Excellent City of LONDON

By

THOMAS STOKES

J. W.



Printed by J. W. at the Sign of the Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near the North Gate of London.

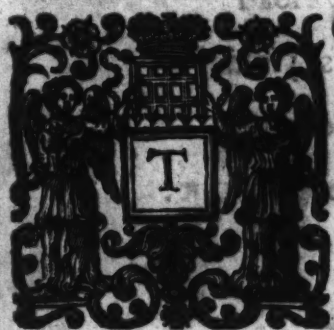


V E R S E S

Inscribed to the Right Honourable,

Humphry Parsons, Esquire,

LORD MAYOR, Elect.



O genuine worth, to PARSONS let the
Muse,

With joy, Her voluntary lays devote;

To PARSONS! fitted well to fill the

CHAIR;

Which long he has deserv'd; whom
grateful hearts,

Conscious of his try'd merits, have proclaim'd,

With glad accord, to wear the GOLDEN CHAIN;

Alone most worthy; proving thus their souls

Attach'd sincerely to the City's Good;

And, with the City's Good, their Country's too.

HAIL, Citizens! the worthiest of that Name,

Who, scorning, sordid Interest, greatly dar'd

To claim the Privilege of free-born Men;

Ye sacred Band, thrice happy! in your choice,

(Your choice directed by *Minerva*) hail!

What blessings may we not from hence expect
To us and to our late posterity?

Devolving still to after-ages good.

Trade now shall flourish, and, in every street,
Rough Industry, with smiling looks appear.

The Merchant opulent in wealth, once more,
Shall plough the seas, and bring from lands remote,
Whate'er conduces to his native shore
Of profit, pleasure or of common use;
Sure of encouragement at his return.

The Peasants, chearful, from the country trudge,
With gladsome Steps, driving their well-fed flocks
Of various kinds, raising big clouds of dust,

In droves before them, to our crowded stalls,
O'er stock our markets and enrich themselves;

While waggons groan beneath the heavy load
Of corn, and what the fruitful meadows yield,

The wholesome food of life, and whate'er else
For raiment their industrious hands have wrought:

Thus shall the City in his golden days,
In pleasure, ease and plenty, peaceful live.

Justice, which long has left this jarring world,
To mingle with her kindred stars, shall come,
Once more, to visit our forsaken earth;

For PARSONS ever was a friend to Her.

No villains then, with dark design, shall dare,
To creep disguis'd or openly presume

To shew their hated heads; his scourge shall lash,
Without respect of persons, every knave:

While spotless innocence, unjustly wrong'd,
In him shall find a sure redressive friend.

Mercy, the darling attribute of heaven!

In him conspicuous shines; and charity,
 Prime grace! and meek humility, which adds
 To all his virtues still a nobler blaze;
 And goodness crowns the whole: How can the Muse,
 So many wonders opening to her view,
 Pursue the glorious theme? The glorious theme
 Would teach even babes to sing; no wonder then
 That I, the meanest of *Apollo's* Sons,
 Should be inspir'd to such an arduous flight:
 Musick, the voice of undissembled joy,
 Awakes, whene'er he rushes to my thought,
 And harmony my ravish'd soul inspires.
 Oh! that I could the high-swollen transport speak!
 But what can Man? — Too great the bold attempt!
 Angels alone are fit to sing His praise:
 Yet if, propitious, he will deign to smile
 On these aspiring lays, the Muse shall strive
 To soar aloft, and prune her tender wings.

COME, INSPIRATION! and assist my song,
 My fancy raise, and every power exalt,
 To make my numbers equal the vast theme.

BENEATH the canopy of heaven's high arch,
 That covers all this universal frame,
 A character more glorious who can boast
 Than a firm Patriot? This thou well deserv'st,
 O PARSONS! whose unshaken, stedfast Soul,
 Amid the worst of times, when Bribery,
 And foul Corruption all the land distain'd,
 Stood, uncorrupted, for the publick-weal;
 And, greatly daring to be greatly good,
 Up-sprung, as every loyal heart must own,
 Thy Country's honour, and thy Country's friend.

REMEMBER

REMEMBER, ye, who, late, have felt the depth
 Of baleful woe; from loathsome dungeons freed;
 Remember well to whom you chiefly owe,
 (Next GOD and to the KING) your liberties;
 And grateful own the blessings you enjoy;
 Dug by his hand from out the gloomy graves;
 Where, buried quick and lost to all your friends,
 Your wives and dearest pledges of your loves,
 You lay, a dismal spectacle of woe!
 'Till soft compassion flowing from his breast,
 In England's Senate, strenuously He
 Stood up, and pleaded much in your behalf;
 Altho' the greatest loser by that act,
 That gracious act, which ne'er can be forgot.
 But he, too generous! knew the worth of man,
 Disdaining even to entertain a thought
 Of groveling malice, lust or little souls!
 Beneath him far; and, dire revenge to glus
 In cruelty, abhorrent, scorn'd; nor would
 For worlds appear a merciless Homicide.

BUT who his patriot-virtues would attempt,
 With daring hand to paint, as well might count
 The numerous stars that in bright order shine
 Throughout the spacious firmament of heaven.
 Nor less to be admir'd his private worth:
 The very quintessence of courtesy,
 From affectation free, in him's express.
 The good old English hospitality
 Revives in him, with a peculiar grace;
 Whose Doors, as well as Heart to every just,
 And honest Citizen are open wide.
 Without the borrow'd aids of learning, rich

In genuine sense, and worthy to command,
 Well skill'd in the most useful art of life,
 The knowledge of himself and of his GOD;
 Which the Prime Wisdom ever was esteem'd.
 His soul sincere and aptly harmoniz'd
 To all the social offices of life;
 Where tender charity and love unite,
 Forgiving to his greatest Foes; and where
 The humane graces mingle all their charms.

'TWOULD tire Arithmetick to reckon up
 The numberless distressed families,
 The widows, orphans and poor souls confin'd,
 That by his generous aims have been reliev'd,
 Unknown to them from whom the bounty came,
 That so it more immediately might seem
 To flow from GOD, and stimulate their hearts
 To offer up their grateful hymns to Him,
 Fountain supreme! Eternal Source of good!
 Whence every bounty, with profusion, springs;
 Which seldom weak, unthinking men reflect,
 Looking no farther than the second Cause.

THESE are his pious aims, just ALMONER
 Of heaven's most gracious KING! and thus he draws
 Men to repent, by forcing them to own
 The secret-working hand of Providence,
 And, with their bodies, serves the Better Part.
 Nor will he suffer, from his shelter-gate,
 The hungry, tatter'd Suppliant, to creep,
 With heavy heart, unsatisfy'd away.
 But kindly seeks to know their wants, and then
 According to their wants affords relief.
 And, far from ostentation, all the while,

One hand's a stranger to the other's gift,
 Shunning all little popular applause,
 Which the proud *Pharisee* so meanly courts,
 He takes a greater pleasure and delight
 In having done a meritorious Act,
 Than in the glory that such deeds attend,
 And with a well-becoming pain receives
 Returns of thanks from those he saves from want.

PARDON, GREAT SIR! that through an eager Zeal,
 I knowingly, presume thus to offend;
 For if my tongue were silent in your praise,
 (Your praise my tongue's not capable to speak)
 You could not long indulge the secret joy,
 Thousands of grateful tongues now speak it loud.
 Your goodness is already too well known;
 For those, whom to distribute, you employ,
 Your private charities, cannot forbear
 To whisper your benevolence abroad;
 And those themselves, whom You have oft oblig'd,
 Like the glad *Lepers*, nam'd in holy writ,
 Publish Your God-like Acts to all the world:
 While I the publick voice too faint repeat.
 'Tis this has gain'd you universal love
 From all who rightly judge; and the esteem
 Of every person that e'er heard your name;
 For virtue veneration draws, and is
 Even by the vicious beautiful allow'd.
 Then while the publick voice your deathless fame
 Shall trumpet thro' the world, which sweet will sound
 In every grateful, loyal *British* ear,
 'Till the last trump shall blow, her song the Muse
 Defies even Envy's self to flattery call.

F I N I S

